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BUDS, STEMS AND FRUITS

BY EVA MAYNE



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INSTRUCTOR LITERATURE SERIES

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Buds, Stems and Fruits

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Donald and Dorothy lived in a big white house surrounded by trees. At the front was a grassy lawn. Behind the house was a big garden. Over the fence next to the garden was an empty lot, which the children called "the commons."

In the garden and on the commons grew many plants—but they were very different, as you may imagine. The ones in the garden were planted by the gardener, and carefully tended all the time. The ones on the commons planted themselves with what help they could get from the wind, the birds, and others of Mother Nature's helpers. They had no one to tend them, either. Yet they did quite as well as the garden plants.

Donald and Dorothy went into the garden every day. In the spring they watched the gardener plant the peas, beans, radishes, beets, corn, pumpkins and ever so many other vegetables.

At one side were the flower beds. Here they had helped plant sweet peas, nasturtiums, lady slippers and other pretty and sweet-smelling flowers.

"How strange," said Donald, "that so many big plants should come from such little seeds!"

"Yes," said old Martin, the gardener, "even the trees come from seeds. They are plants, too. This apple tree grew from a little apple seed, and that old oak tree yonder came from an acorn. I'll give you children some seeds to plant, and you may watch them and see just how the plants come from them." So he gave them some beans and peas, and some flower seeds.

"It is best to soak them in water over night. That makes them come up quicker," he said.

Such hard dry things they were! The children put them in water, and went off to watch Martin



STUDYING POTATOES

plant the potatoes. Instead of using seeds, he had cut up a basketful of potatoes, and was dropping two or three pieces into each hill.

"Are these potato seeds?" asked Dorothy.

"O, no!" said Martin. "A potato is really a part of the stem of the plant, and the eyes are buds. You see I left one or two eyes on each piece. A new sprout comes from each eye, or bud, and soon roots grow from it, forming a plant. Potatoes do have seeds, but this is much the quickest and easiest way to raise them."

The next morning the children were up early to look at their seeds.

"Just look how many there are!" said Dorothy. "I wonder if Martin put more beans in this cup." But they soon found that the beans, as well as all the other seeds, had swelled during the night. They were very soft, and the skin was wrinkled. Some of them were broken open.

Donald pulled the skin from one of his beans, and found that it had held together the two parts of the bean. Inside these two halves, which opened like a book, he found a little white lump.

"What is this, Martin?" he asked.

"That is the plant. There is one in every seed," said Martin.

Sure enough, it was a tiny baby plant. It was harder to find in the other seeds, but they used mamma's magnifying glass, opened one of each kind, and saw the little plant. They then planted

the rest in their own little garden. Mamma told them that the two parts of the bean inside the skin were of use in two ways—they protected the baby plant before it began to grow, and fed it for some time after the bean was planted. Most seeds have this food stored away to feed the young plant before it is strong enough to get food for itself.

A few days later Dorothy grew impatient, so she dug up one of her beans.

“O, look, Donald! I thought they were doing nothing. Just see this bean!”

It looked very different from the beans they had planted. The little plant had pushed its stem out of the bean, and roots were growing on the end. The two little leaves were still between the



HOW THE BEANS GREW

two halves of the bean but were larger. A few days afterwards

Donald found a stem pushing up from the ground. It looked like a little hoop. As time went on, it straightened up, and wonder of wonders! Not only the little leaves came up, but the bean itself. The skin was gone, the two halves were pale green, and looked very much like fat little leaves. In fact, when Donald asked mamma about it, she told him that they were

called seed-leaves, and that they were still feeding the plant. They gradually grew smaller, and at last dropped off, but not until the other two leaves had grown large and green, with a tiny bud between them, which promised more leaves.

The peas sprouted and pushed up a little stem, too. But the pea did not come up with it as the bean had done. The children dug up one of them to see what it had been doing. There it was, with the little roots growing down and the stem pushing up. It, too, had been feeding the plant, and had shrunk until it was very small.

"Isn't it good of the mother plants," said Dorothy, "to pack those little lunch baskets for their babies, so they will have food just when they need it?"

"Yes," said Donald, "it seems as though they could really think like people. Let's watch other plants and see if they all do the same way."

Because they watched, they found out many wonderful things. They discovered that all seeds were not just like the beans and peas. Some did not have the two seed-leaves, nor did they all have as much food stored away. Yet they all had some food—as much as they needed.

The corn came up in such a different way from the beans. The seed stayed in the ground, and when the stem came up, it threw out long slender leaves, one at a time. The pumpkin and squash seeds brought their seed-leaves with them.

One day Donald saw several tiny plants growing near the old oak tree. Each one had two little leaves. He pulled one up to see what it was. What do you think he found at the root? An acorn! So these were the little baby trees.

"Martin said trees were plants just the same as the flowers and vegetables," said Dorothy. "Let's see if we can find any other kinds of baby trees."

They soon found a maple, an apple, and a thorn locust. The locust stem brought up its little seed leaves just as the bean and squash did. Its new leaves were so dainty they looked like tiny ferns.

In the meantime the flowers in the beds were coming up. They found that the sweet peas grew just like the garden peas, and that the tiny seeds of the morning-glory and mignonette really did have little plants in them. They had wondered about these tiny seeds. They were so small it seemed to the children as though there surely could not be anything in them.

They thus began to observe all the growing things in the garden. One day they saw Martin busy pulling weeds, and Dorothy picked up one of them.

"Isn't this a plant, too?" she asked.

"I suppose it is," said Martin. "There are plenty of that kind, and you don't have to plant them, either. Look over on the commons."

This started both the children off on an explor-

ing tour. They found many things to wonder over. There were weeds starting up in every direction. They saw a milk-weed, a thistle, some jimson weeds, and many others that they could not name. Dandelions were everywhere, and the burdock was thick. Dorothy found a young buck-eye tree, and Donald a little elm. When they told mamma about it, Donald said:

"I never thought before where all these things came from. To think that even the ugliest old weeds and commonest vegetables should be plants and growing in just as wonderful a way as our prettiest flowers!"

"How do you know a plant?" asked mamma.

"Well," said Donald, "it must have a stem and leaves."

"And all plants must have roots," said Dorothy.

"Yes," said mamma, "and almost every plant has flowers of some kind. Of what use are the roots to the plant?"

"I know," said Dorothy. "They hold it solid in the ground. I found that out when I tried to pull up weeds. They hold pretty tight, I can tell you."

"Can you think of any other use?" asked mamma.

"Don't they drink up water for the plants?" asked Donald.

"Yes," said mamma. "Some will send out roots for a great distance down if they do not get water

near the surface. Alfalfa is a plant that is raised in dry climates for hay, because its roots always grow until they find water. They have been known to grow thirty feet deep. Dorothy would have a hard time pulling it up. Plants not only get water from the soil, but they also get just the food that the plant needs. The food is often minerals, that are in the ground. Some plants need one thing, and some another. Wheat and rye must have flint in their slender stems, so that they may stand up straight, and yet not break.

The roots seem to know just what to give them. They have an acid on hand which they use to melt up the food with the water. This runs up through the plant, to the leaves. The leaves drink in air and sunshine, which makes some change in this sap, as it is called. They take out of it what they need for food, then on it goes back through the different parts. Each part now takes just what it needs, and so the plant is fed."

"Well," said Donald, "plants know a great deal more than I ever thought they did. But wouldn't it seem funny to have your mouth in your feet? Now, mamma, tell us about the other parts of the plant."

"Can you tell me of what use the stem is?" asked mamma.

"O, yes; the leaves and flowers grow from it."

"That is true; the stem holds the leaves and blossoms up to the sunshine and into the air."

"The morning-glory stem doesn't hold up its leaves and blossoms. It must be a lazy stem," said Dorothy.

"No, to be sure, it does not stand up straight like a tree stem, or trunk. But it does support its leaves and flowers, and it works hard twining round something strong which can hold it up. Some vines send out little hands called tendrils which catch on to anything they can to help hold up the plant. Stems also carry the sap through tiny pipes up to the other parts of the plant."

"What did you mean, mamma, by calling a tree trunk the stem?"

"It is the stem of the tree. You see there are very different kinds of plants. The stems of some are not only useful to the plant itself, but are useful to man. Can you think of the uses of any of them?"

"O, yes, tree trunks make lumber," said Dorothy.

"I read the other day that all linen is made from the stems of the flax plant," said Donald. "I think that is a very good use."

"Very good, indeed," said mamma. "Some stems are used for food. You like asparagus so well. It is the stem of that plant that we eat. Then potatoes are just enlarged stems. Several of our vegetables have underground stems that we use as food. See if you can discover some of them."

A few days later Donald came to his mother with another question:

“Of what use are leaves to the plant?”



“I think I told you the other day that they take in air and sunshine. They might be called the lungs of the plants. They breathe out air, too. Leaves like the part of the air that is poison to us. And they get rid of the part we need just as soon as they can. So it is healthy for us to have plants about. The leaves partly shade the fruit on the plants, too. If the sun shone full upon it, the fruit would soon die.”

“They shade us, too,” said Dorothy. “And I

know something else they do. They cover up the little plants and roots in the winter, and keep them warm."

"Some leaves are used as food," said mamma. "We had some for dinner."

"Lettuce!" said Donald. "Spinach leaves are eaten, too, And tea is made from leaves. How useful they are!"

"Mamma," said Dorothy, "you said one day that all plants have blossoms. I know ever so many trees and weeds, and some vegetables that have none. What did you mean?"

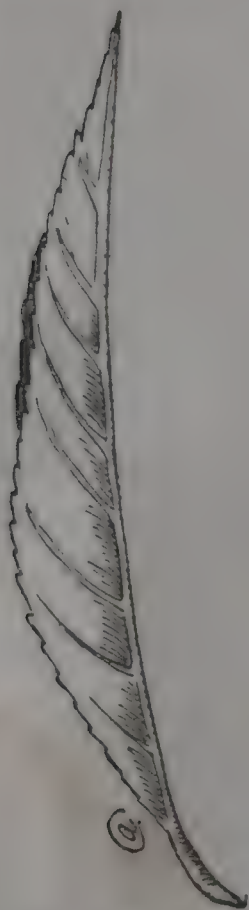
"Well," said mamma, "you do not see the blossoms on some plants unless you look very carefully. But almost all have them. There are very few that do not. Ferns and mosses are about the only ones. Suppose you watch and see how many you can find that you've never noticed before."

Here was something new to think about and watch for. Before the spring was over, they had found that not only the fruit trees had blossoms, but that all the shade trees, too, put forth some kind of flowers. There were the catkins on the poplar, walnut, oak, willow and thorn locust, and the tassels on the maple and elm, which they had never before thought of as flowers.

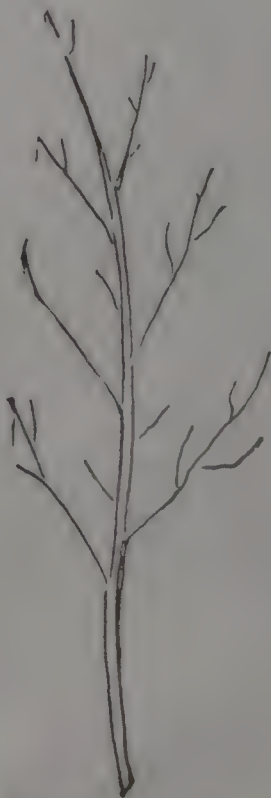
They had surprises, too, in the garden. They knew the beans and peas blossomed, but to think that the tassels on the corn stalk were its flowers

and that onions, potatoes and lettuce all had blossoms, was certainly something new to them.

Then over the fence, among the weeds, were more discoveries. What a wonder it was to find that the pinkish purple top on a burr was a cluster



The peach leaf
folded lengthwise



The veins studied by
themselves are in
the shape of a
tiny tree



How Leaves are Placed

of flowers! The milk weed and thistle blossoms they knew before, but had never noticed the little flowers clustered about the tall mullein stalks. Nor had they thought to look for blossoms on the grass, until now. They found them, though—tiny little things, but dainty and sweet.

One day they had been reporting to their mother some new discovery, when she said:

“You have been looking for blossoms on all the plants, and have found that nearly all have some kind of a flower. The plant has worked hard to put forth the blossoms. Yet how soon they die. Of what use have they been? Of course we have enjoyed them, but they did not bloom just for our pleasure, for many of the most beautiful flowers are never seen by any one. Have they done anything for the plants?”

“I do not believe they have,” said Dorothy. “Isn’t it enough for them just to be sweet and beautiful?”

“I think I know what you mean, mamma,” said Donald. “The apple blossoms are all gone, but they have left something for us to remember them by. I was looking today at the tiny apples on the trees. Is that it?”

“Yes, Donald, partly, but it is the seeds inside the apples that are so precious. The apple is just the case which holds them. Every plant, as it grows, has one thing for which it works from the first. That is its seeds. The seed-boxes are cared for only as a case in which to put them.

“Do you remember, Dorothy, that on your birthday you received a dainty package wrapped in tissue paper. You took off the paper, and found a box. Opening the box, you found soft white cotton. And nestling in the cotton lay a little

gold ring. When you came to that, the wrappings were forgotten, and the box fell to the floor. The ring was the real treasure. The dainty paper, the pretty box, and the soft cotton were only its protection.

“It is just so that plants love to wrap up their most precious treasures—the seeds. The seeds are often tiny, but the plant knows what lies within each one, no matter what its size. And it must be well protected. So the seeds are done up in the most beautiful little boxes and wrappings. No two kinds of plants ever make these treasure boxes just alike. Some are large and some are small. Some have a number of the precious treasures within, while others hold but one.

“How are these seeds and boxes made? No one can know exactly, but we can learn much about it if we keep our eyes open. All seeds come from blossoms. You remember how beautiful the apple blossoms were. The petals were a beautiful pink and white, and in the center was a cluster of little stems with knobs on the ends. These were the stamens. The knobs were covered with a yellow dust, called pollen. In the midst of the stamens was another different looking stem called the pistil. This pistil was hollow. Holding up the petals were the little green sepals, and holding all together was a round green seed cup. Inside the cup were a number of tiny round green things. The wind shook the blossoms, and the pollen

flew. Some fell on the pistil, and sank down through the hollow part into the seed cup below. The seeds and the seed cup grew and grew. The petals fell off, the sepals and stamens dried up, and you could see nothing but the little round seed cup. You call it the baby apple, and that is what it is. What color is it?"

"Green," said Dorothy.

"Yes, and it will be green for a long time. You must watch and tell me of any change you see in it. What other blossoms were something like the apple?"

"Pear and apricot blossoms," said Dorothy.

"Peach blossoms were the same shape, only the petals were pink," said Donald.

"The blossoms on all fruit trees grow in about the same way. You must see what other seed-boxes you can find. Not only on the fruit trees, but in the flower beds and garden. Different as they are, all seeds are formed in somewhat the same way as those of the fruit."

"I'll look on the commons, too," said Donald.
"I'm sure I'll find some there."

"And on the shade trees, too," said Dorothy. Off they went at once to see what they could find. There was an osage hedge along one side of the yard. In several places a tall osage tree arose from the shorter ones forming the hedge. As they passed one of these trees, Dorothy cried:

"O, Donald, what are those little balls? Look!"

Donald stopped and pulled off one of the queerest looking little balls. It was pale green, about the size of a small marble, and had fine green fibers growing out from it on every side. They were almost as fine as threads, but stiff enough to stand out straight. When Donald pulled one out of the ball, a drop of milk oozed from the place. "What can they be?" said he.

They ran to ask Martin, who was working near.

"That's a young osage orange," said Martin.

"Of course," said Donald, "I know how they look when they are grown. I wonder if there are any other baby seed-boxes that look so different when they are big.

"Look at the sycamore," said Martin.

This was indeed a surprise. All over the tree hung the dearest little green balls.

"Martin, are those the seed-boxes?"

"Yes," said Martin. "They look very different when the seeds are ripe."

They found that the buckeye tree was hung with little balls, too, soft and green.

The maple and box-elder trees were hanging out clusters of tiny little keys.

"So much prettier," said Dorothy, "than when they are grown. They are so cunning!"

All through the spring they watched the various plants in flower bed and garden. Their own beans and peas blossomed, the flowers dropped

off, and pods began to form. They were small at first, but the time came when the children picked a whole panful of peas and shelled them for dinner. A few days after, the beans, too, were ready to eat. They left some on the vines to ripen.

The pumpkin vines had fine large blossoms, which left little green seed-boxes when they fell off. These grew larger and larger.

In the flower beds every plant seemed, as mamma had said, to be working hard making seeds. As soon as a flower died the seed-box would begin to show. The morning glory vines were soon covered with seed-pods. The nasturtiums had as many seed-boxes as they had blossoms. Some of the plants had such queer little ones. Those on the poppies looked as though they had been carved from some delicate wood. The sweet peas had pods shaped like the garden peas, but smaller.

In the meantime, the commons was not neglected by the children. The milkweed had such pretty pods, they knew something beautiful must be inside. The thistles could not hide their treasures, for they seemed to be just bubbling over the edge of the open seed-cups. The jimson weeds had queer-looking prickly green seed-boxes that made the children wonder how they could ever get to the inside to find the seeds.

At last came the autumn. The fruit they had watched all spring and summer was now ripe.



RIPE SEED PODS OF COMMON MILKWEED

The apples were big and round, some green, some yellow and some red. The pears, too, were green and yellow. Red and yellow peaches hung from the trees.

One day when Donald and Dorothy were enjoying some of the rosy apples, they began counting the seeds.

"In a perfect apple," said mamma, "the seeds always number five or some multiple of five. Count the cells that hold the seeds."

"There are five," said Dorothy.

Mamma told them to cut open an apple cross-ways, and then to cut off a thin slice all the way across. The round section they held up to the light.

"What do you see?"

"I see some markings like five curved lines," said Donald.

"So do I," said Dorothy. "Why, mamma, it is just a picture of the apple blossom! Isn't it pretty?"

They looked at several apples in this way and found them all the same. Then mamma repeated this little verse:

"The apple tree grew through the summer,
And the sunshine and rain did their part,
Till the apple grew red, exclaiming:
'I'm the fruit with the rose in its heart!'"

The children found that while the peach and plum had but one seed in a seed-box, that one was very large. The osage trees were visited,

and the big osage oranges examined. It was a puzzle as to where they kept their seeds, but Donald cut one open and found out. He told his mother:

"Inside there is a ball about half the size of this one, then the seeds are formed solid all over its surface. Outside of that is more pulp like the inside. It is the oddest seed-box I've seen."



CHESTNUT BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

"I think the sycamore is just as odd," said Dorothy. It has a solid little ball inside and the seeds have sharp points which are stuck into the ball thick all over the surface, like pins in a pin-cushion. The tops of the seeds are thick, forming a solid crust on the outside."



CHESTNUT TREE

"The buckeye protects its seeds pretty well, doesn't it?" said Donald. "It has such sharp prickles all over its seed-boxes. But I got one open the other day and felt paid for my trouble. There were two buckeyes inside, so brown and shiny! And the soft bed they were lying in was not much like the outside of their cradle."

"The jimson weed has a prickly seed-box, too," said Dorothy. "I thought they'd make good rattle-boxes, the seeds shook about so in them. But when I shook one real hard, a lot of little black seeds flew out of the top. The seeds are not much like the buckeyes."

"What about your garden seeds?" asked mamma.

"We think the queerest things in the garden," said Donald, "are the big pumpkins, squashes and watermelons, growing on such little vines. Why don't big things like that grow on trees?"

Then mamma told them the story of the boy who once wondered about that, and how he fell asleep. He dreamed that pumpkins grew on trees, and every time one fell, it broke all to pieces. Often, too, they hit the people on the head, who had ventured underneath the trees.

"How stupid of me not to think of that," said Donald. "Of course that would never do. Well, I'm going to make good use of one of my pumpkins. I'm saving it until Hallowe'en, to make a jack-o'-lantern."

“And I shall have a pumpkin pie,” said Dorothy. “Mamma, tell us about the corn. It blossomed at the top, and the seeds formed at the sides. That is different from any other plant.”

“The corn is different,” said mamma. “The stamens with the pollen were on the blossoms at



HICKORY TREE BLOSSOMS

the top, but the pistils formed at the sides. They are the corn-silks. The wind blew the corn-stalk, and shook the pollen. Down it fell on the pistils, and pushed through them to form the seed, or grains of corn.”

“One thing I have noticed in studying seeds, is that the most different kinds of plants often

have seeds and seed-boxes something alike," said Donald. "The beans and peas we planted were vines. They had their seeds in pods. In the front yard is a big locust tree, and it, too, has its seeds stored away in pods.

"You would find one great difference between them," said mamma. "The tree seeds take so much longer to form, and if you would plant a locust seed and a bean at the same time, the bean would be quite a plant before the locust sent up its first tiny sprout. That is because the life of the bean is so much shorter than that of a tree. It must grow faster. What other seeds have you found on trees?"

"The maple and box-elder have seeds a great deal alike," said Dorothy.

"It seems so wonderful to me," said Donald, "that nuts are seeds. Our little acorn we found sprouted last spring is quite a little tree now. Doesn't the oak-tree make pretty little boxes for her seeds? The acorn cups are so prettily carved. We were looking at some walnuts and hickory nuts yesterday. The hickory has the nicer seed-box. It opens so easy when the nuts are ripe. The walnut has no way to get out until its seed-box decays."

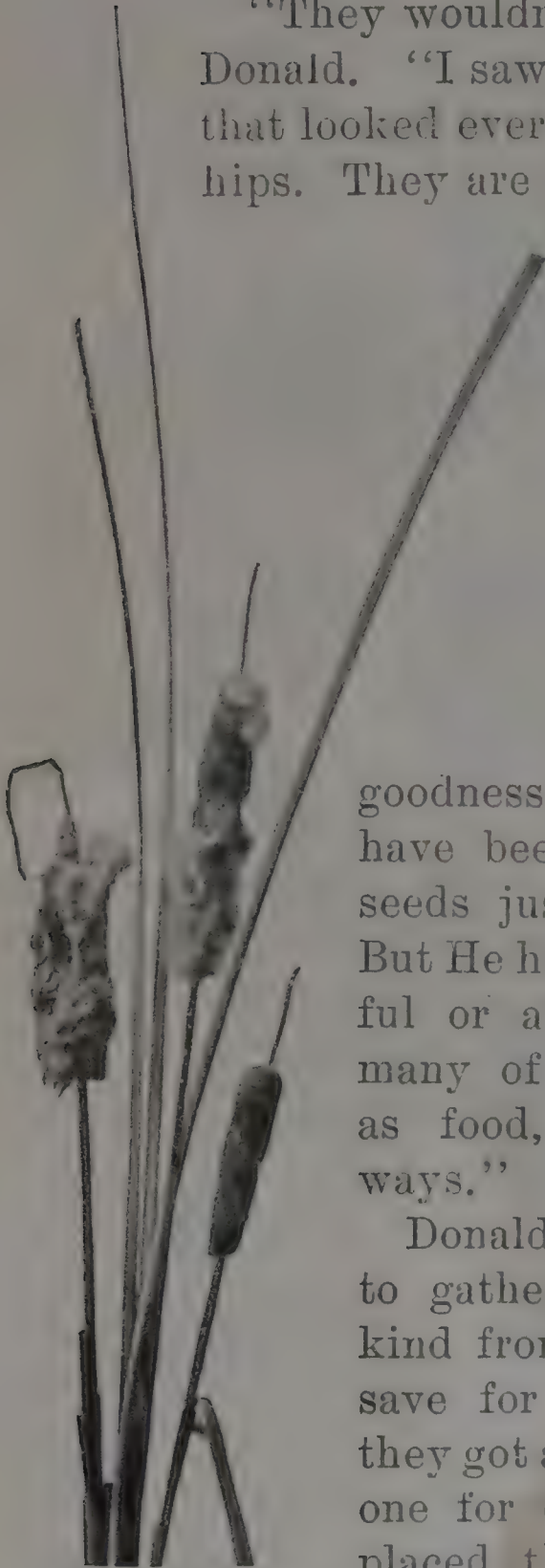
"Look," said Dorothy, "these are pretty seed-boxes." She held up a bunch of bright red rose hips and orange-colored mountain ash berries. They look like tiny little apples."

“They wouldn’t taste so good,” said Donald. “I saw some haws yesterday that looked ever so much like these rose hips. They are good to eat.”

“How strange it is,” said Dorothy, “that the seeds of some plants are used as food, and that on others the seed-box is good to eat.

“Yes,” said mamma, “and they are all an example of God’s goodness to us. The plants might have been made to bear plain seeds just as good for planting. But He has made them all beautiful or attractive to man, and many of them useful, not only as food, but in many other ways.”

Donald and Dorothy decided to gather some seeds of each kind from the flower beds, to save for the next spring. So they got a number of little boxes, one for each kind of seed, and placed them in a flat basket. Every day they would gather



Cattails in Winter.
Food for Birds.

the seeds that were ripe. Most of the plants ripened their seeds a few at a time, so it took the children a long time to get them all gathered in. They at last had a boxful each of sweet-pea, nasturtium, four-o'clock, morning-glory, lady-slipper, pansy and larkspur seeds.

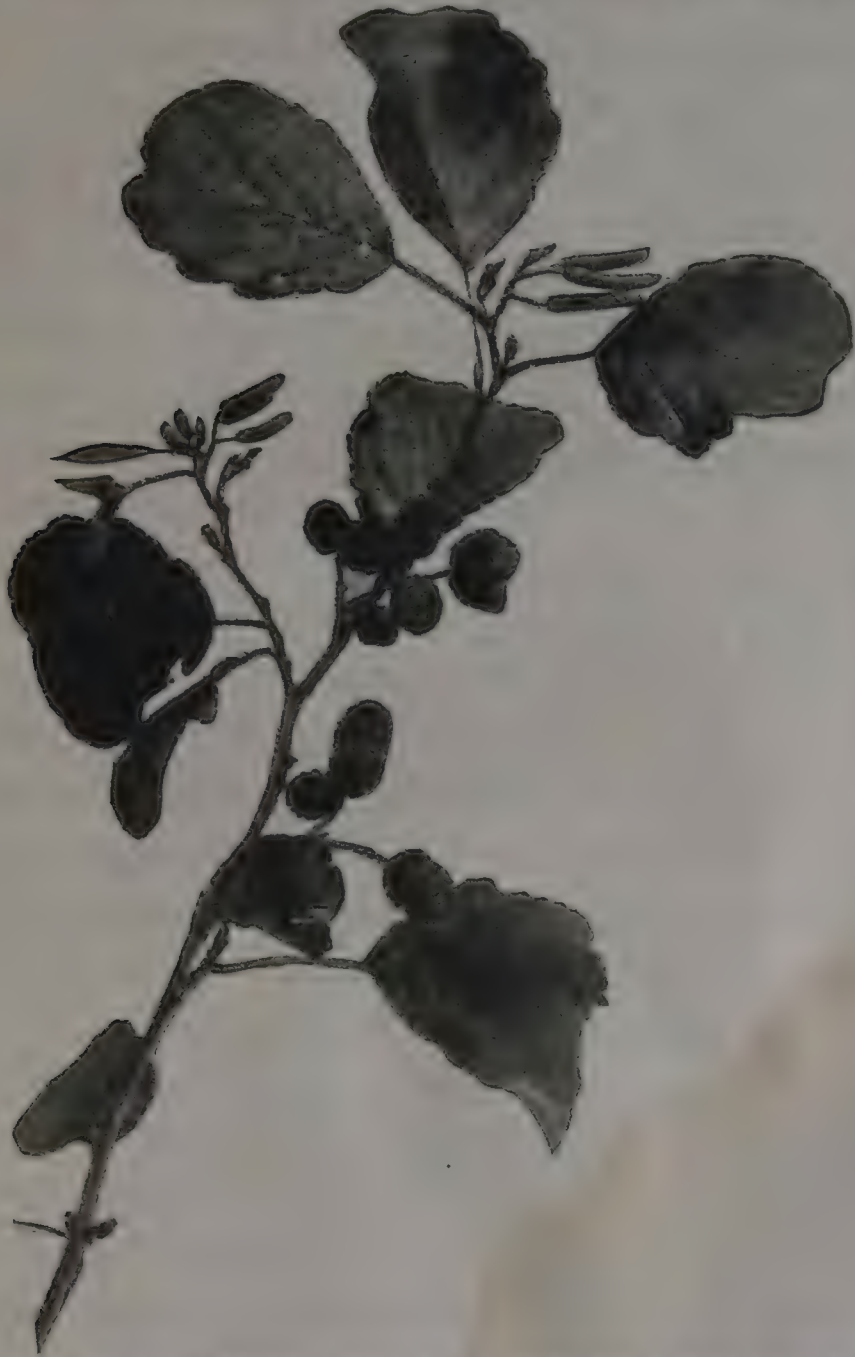
One day Donald said: "Mamma, we have been gathering the flower seeds to plant next year. I have been wondering how all the plants on the commons will get their seeds planted. I feel sorry for them. They have worked just as hard as the garden flowers to make their seeds."

"Do not worry, my son," said his mother. "No plants need to depend upon man to gather and plant their seeds. We gather and plant the seeds of plants that we wish to grow in a certain place. But every plant has some way of scattering its seeds for itself. Look at the maple seed. The seed-box is quite small but fastened to it is a wing which, with the help of the wind, will carry it far away from the mother tree. Can you think of any other seeds with wings?"

"The box-elder, ash and ailanthus," said Donald.

"The catalpa seeds have wings, and are shut up in that funny long box besides," said Dorothy. "Their wings have fringe at each end. I know some other seeds that the wind helps, though they haven't what you'd call wings. The thistle and asters have such pretty silky sort of sails."

“O, yes,” said Donald, “and don’t you remember the milkweed? We opened a milkweed pod and it had rows and rows of brown seeds packed away.



BRANCH OF ALDER SHOWING CATKINS AND CONES

Just as soon as I took out one seed, they all flew up. Underneath they had their sails packed

away. I do not see how they packed them all into that little pod. Why, I couldn't have put them all into six pods. They looked so pretty floating in the air. Just like little balloons."

"Dandelion and golden-rod seeds have sails like that, too," said Dorothy. "And when I pulled some sycamore seeds from their little cushion, they spread out some yellow sails and floated away. Clematis seeds are on the ends of tiny feathers. They can float a long way. But why do seeds need to be carried so far away from the mother plant? They could grow near it just as well."

"No," said mamma, "they would not do as well. The same kind of plants need the same kind of food. Where a great many grow in the same place year after year, their kind of food gets used faster than it is made. So it is much better for the seeds to start as far away from the mother plant as they can. That is why farmers plant a field in corn one year and put it down in clover the next. They say it 'rests the ground.' Seeds are great travelers, even the ones without wings or sails. Do you know any other way in which they travel?"

"I saw some jumping seeds today," said Donald. "They were from the lady-slippers. I had to be so careful in gathering them. When I pressed ever so gently on the pod, it would pop open so suddenly, and go all to pieces in my hand, and the

seeds would fly in every direction. They were surely well scattered."

"They are odd little seeds," said mamma. "I am thinking of a kind of seed-box that has been called a family of tramps because they have no way to travel unless they can steal a ride. There are many of them on the commons. I saw a number of them taking such a ride today. And you helped them to do it, Dorothy."

The children could not guess what their mother meant. "It was that bunch of burrs you picked from your dress. The burrs are seed-boxes filled with little black seeds. They want these seeds to be planted where they will grow the best. So each burr is covered with little sharp hooks that fasten themselves on everything coming past. It may be your clothes, the tail of a cow, or the wool of a sheep. They are thus carried far away from the mother plant, and drop off finally, or are picked off and thrown away. You do not always know when you are planting seeds. Many plants with round seeds depend upon their rolling a great way when they fall. Streams are a great help in carrying seeds. They fall into the water and are often carried hundreds of miles. Squirrels plant nuts by dropping them as they are running with their treasures. They also have a habit of burying nuts. Many of these grow before the squirrel comes for them. Birds scatter many small seeds. Plants all have a way of sending some of their seeds out

into the world. They cannot expect all to make plants. Many seeds never do sprout."

"If they all did, there wouldn't be room for the plants on the earth in a few years," said Donald. "I am so glad we began watching the plants last spring. I'm sure we've learned ever so much from them and from what you have told us, mamma."

"I am glad, too," said mamma, but do not think you have learned all there is to know. If you but keep your eyes open, you will see new and wonderful things all the time."

"I am sure of that," said Dorothy. "I'm going to keep mine open after this."

"And I, too," said Donald.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

—Longfellow.

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